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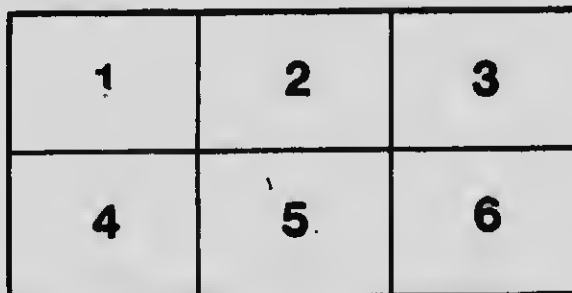
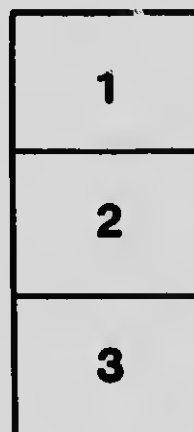
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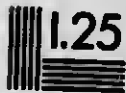
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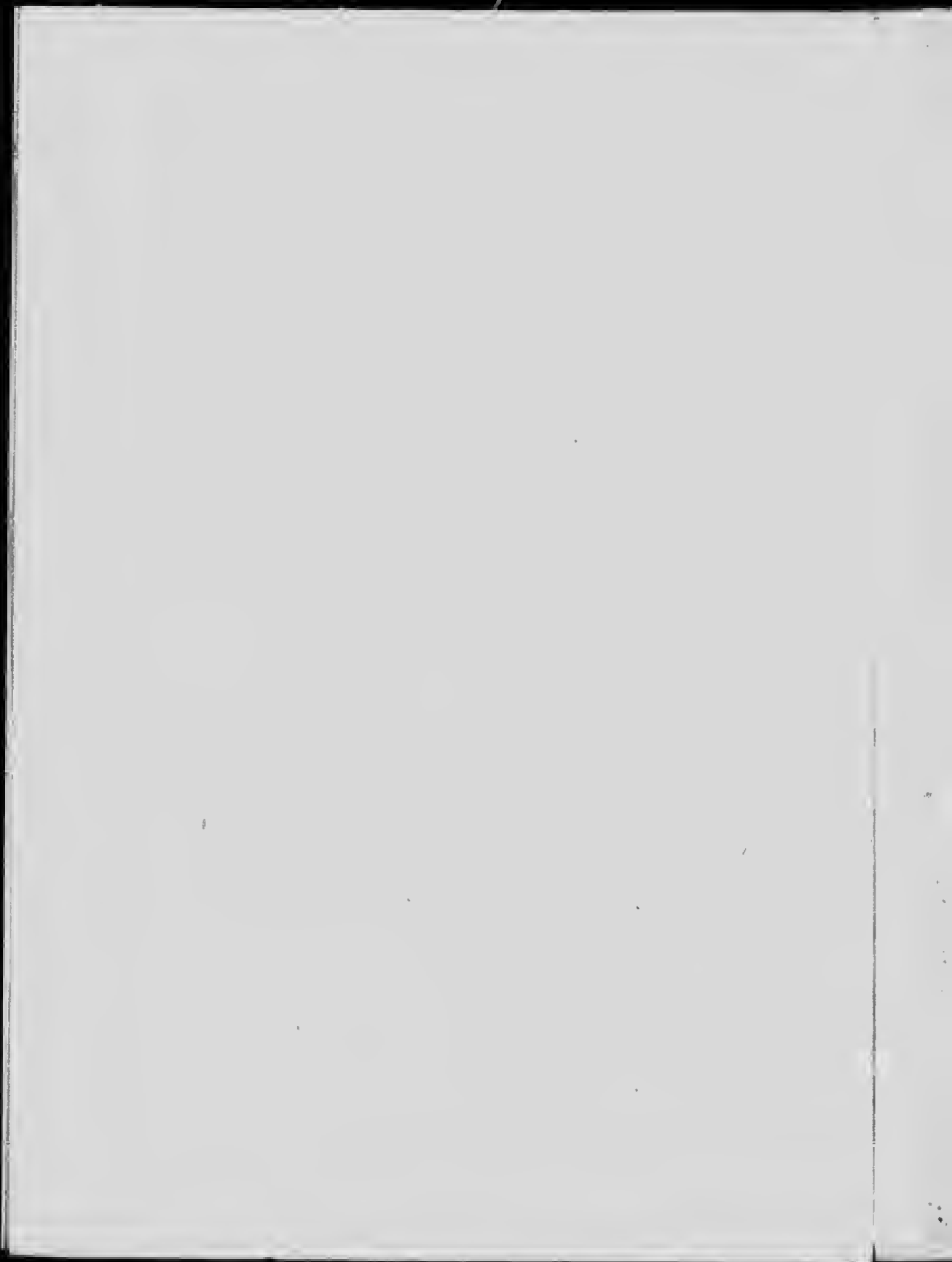
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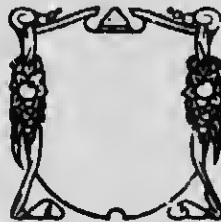


TWO SERMONS

by

Rev. C. B. Pitblado, D.D.

*Prepared by him for the Congregation of
Westminster Presbyterian Church,
Winnipeg, Manitoba*



1913

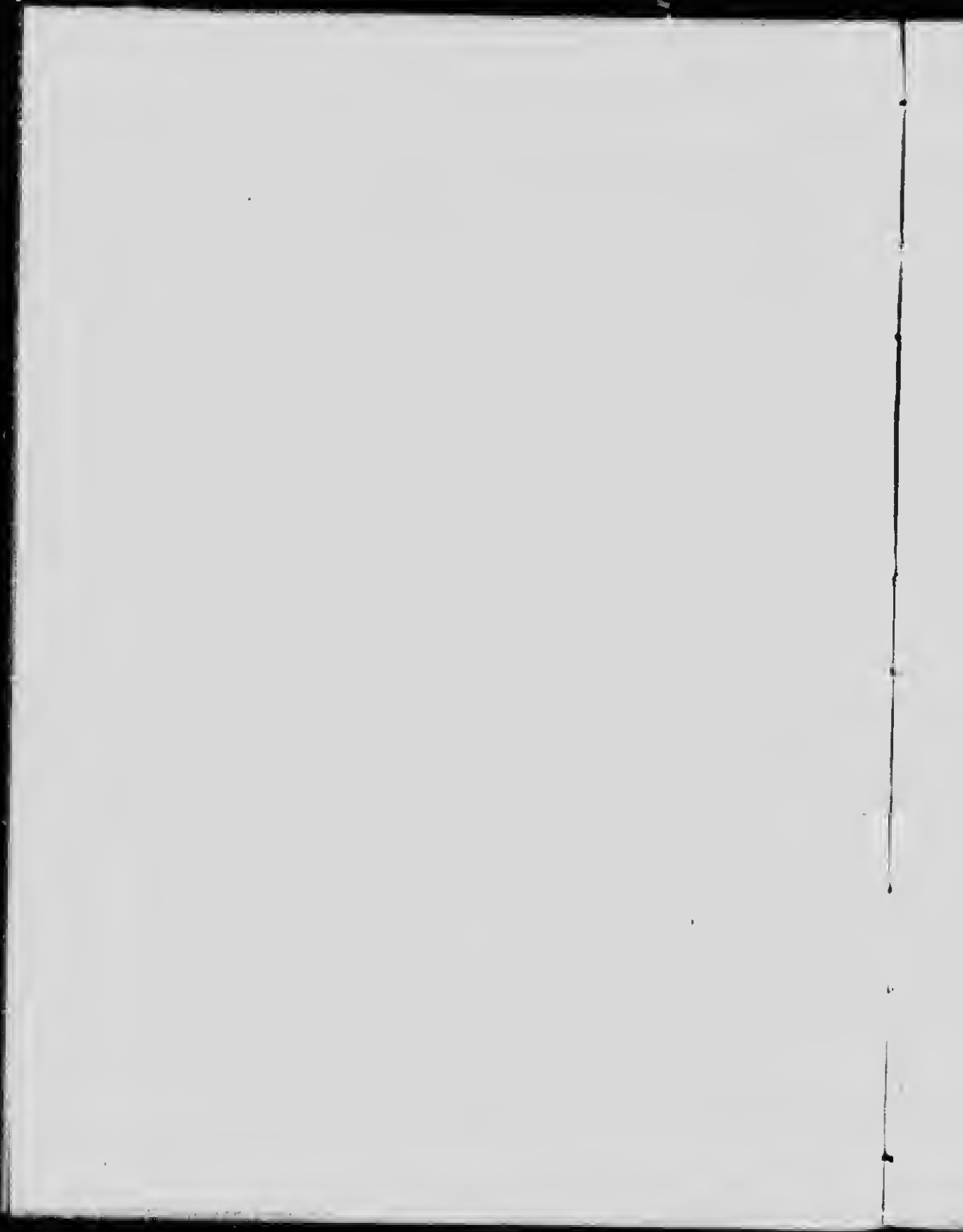
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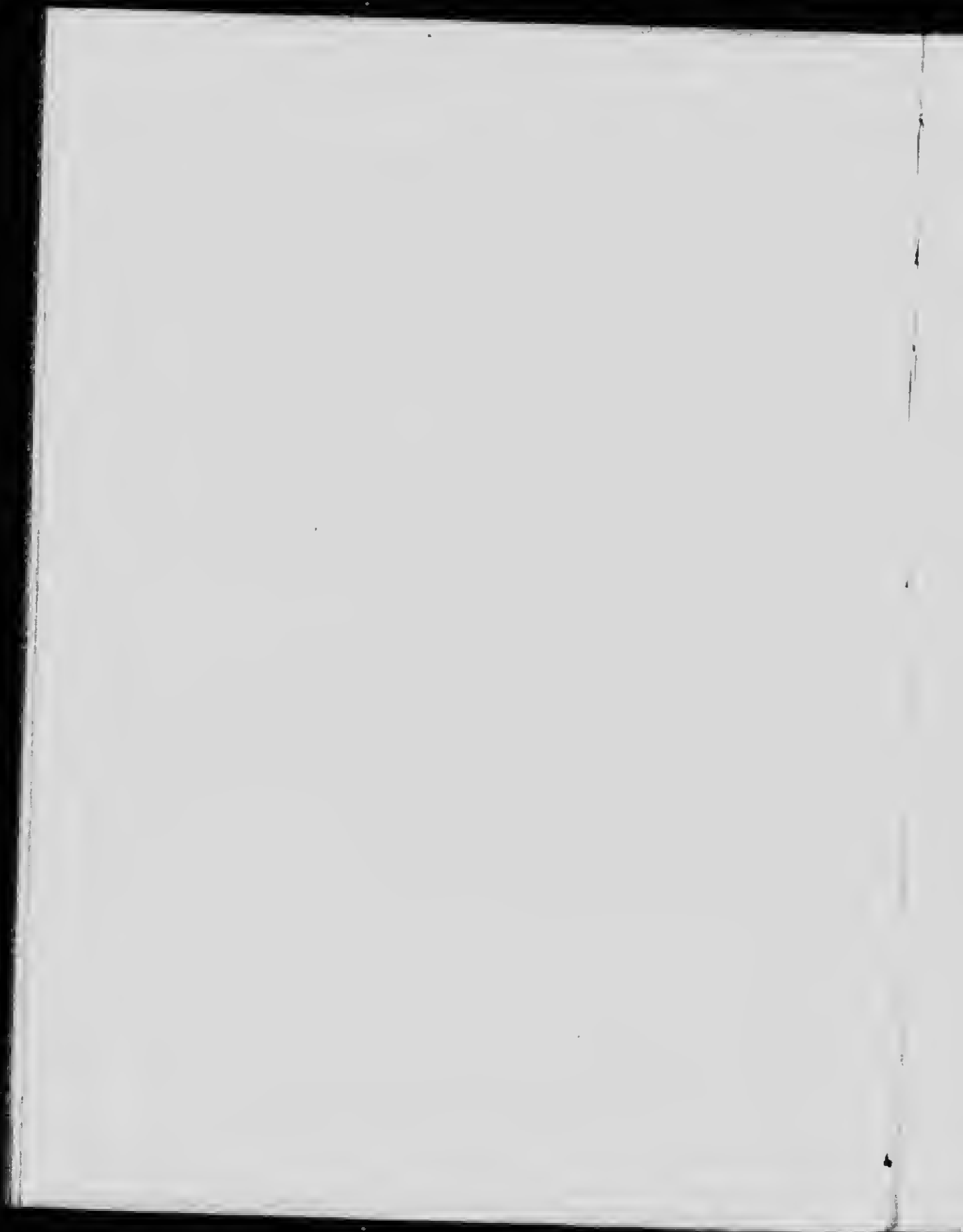
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**TWO SERMONS BY REV. C. B. PITBLADO, D.D.
PREPARED BY HIM FOR THE CONGREGATION
OF WESTMINSTER CHURCH, WINNIPEG, MAN.**





REV. C. B. PITBLADO, D.D.



In memory of my husband I have had
printed the accompanying Sermons, feeling
that they will be appreciated by the many
dear friends to whom both he and I were
so dearly attached.

With nil good wishes for the coming
year, and grateful remembrances of past kind-
nesses, I am,

Yours faithfully,

S. C. Tibblado

December, 1913







AN UNDELIVERED SERMON

OF

REV. C. B. PITBLADO, D.D.

|||||

**PREPARED BY HIM
FOR THE CONGREGATION OF
WESTMINSTER CHURCH
WINNIFEG**

PREFACE

Rev. Dr. Pitblado never preached in the new church building. Prior to his departure for California in the fall of 1912, arrangements had been made for him to preach, but the state of his health was such that it was thought unwise for him to make the attempt. He had previously, however, prepared a sermon, which he hoped to be able to deliver to the members of the congregation in the new church. This sermon is now printed at the suggestion of a number of his friends, as Dr. Pitblado's last message to the congregation to which he was so deeply attached.

1913.

Heb. 12:27—"Those things that cannot be shaken may remain."

Dear old friends and new acquaintances—It is to me a great privilege to be with you at another moving time in our congregational life.

I think the first sermon which I preached to you after my induction was from the words in Luke 12:32—"Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." It was the word of encouragement in facing difficulties—overcome.

About the time of our moving from Victoria Hall to the basement of this building I preached from the text in Num. 10:29—We are journeying unto the land of which the Lord said I will give it you; "come with us and we will do you good." It was the promise of Christian fellowship and helpfulness—experienced.

When we were about to move from the basement to this auditorium my text was Luke 14:10—"Friend, go up higher." The aspiration for a higher and more serviceable life was exemplified.

And now when we are about to move from this unique cosy cottage structure into our magnificent cathedral edifice my text is—Heb. 12:27—"Those things that cannot be shaken may remain." The theme of the text is—not the temporary things, but the permanent realities in our existence are supremely important. To-day we are concerned not with our tenting place, but with our permanent home—not with

what we leave behind us, but with what we take with us as we move forward—not with the things that can be shaken into the grave of everlasting oblivion, but with things that cannot be shaken—and will remain in the dwelling place of everlasting remembrance.

I suppose that my chief qualification for addressing you is not that I am eloquent, or learned, or wise, but that I am deeply interested in your welfare as individuals and as a congregation, and that I have a somewhat intimate knowledge of the work which this building represents in the city and throughout the country. This edifice has been the centre of many living activities, which neither the rising tide of progress nor the busy hands of industry can shake out of our lives, but may remain with us in their blessed influence throughout eternity. You may grind this building into powder, but the influence of the living organization that was cradled and trained within its walls will still remain; and in this matter we are dealing not with sites and edifices, not with wood and stone, not with brick and mortar, not with pews and pulpit, but with a living unified church of men and women, living souls. It is after all not the building, but the living organization that is going out of it, which is important. The change we are making is not death but translation to another and wider sphere of usefulness. Our great business is not with dead matter but with living souls. Westminster Church is not the building—but the spiritual beings that work and worship within its walls; and to-day we are called on not to mourn at a funeral but to rejoice at a

translation, not to think of what we leave behind us in the old building, but to think of what we take with us into our new church home.

I esteem it to be a great privilege to have the opportunity of addressing you for the last time in this familiar and well used, though not very old, building—a building hallowed by many sacred memories, by many uplifting influences, by many spiritual experiences. This building as the house of God, has stood for something higher than mere material progress, though it has felt and utilized the rising tide of Western prosperity; something higher than mere commercial interests, though it has been shaken and benefited by the successful prosecution of industrial pursuits, and the increased value of real estate; higher than the mere work of social reform, though it has sent forth most liberal givers and earnest workers in almost every line of philanthropic work. But here, as worshippers, we have been privileged to rise to that high plane of outlook where we get glimpses—if not full views—of the true significance and value of human life. Here we have been brought into conscious touch, not with the things which are seen and temporal, but with the things which are not seen and are eternal. Here we recognize that the supreme fact in the universe is not material things, but spiritual realities. The matter of supreme importance to me is not that I am a human being, but that I am a living soul. It is not that I am a money maker, but that I am a character builder; not that I am a creature of time, but that I am an heir of eternity. This building

as a house of worship has borne emphatic testimony to the supreme importance of spiritual realities, and though we leave the edifice or bury it in the dust of oblivion, we never can efface the spiritual effect of Westminster Church on our lives.

Now, the things that cannot be shaken out of us and remain through all our future experiences may be summed up in three words—**Memories, Impressions, Inspirations.**

Stimulating memories.

Moulding impressions.

Spiritualizing inspirations.

Our connection with Westminster Church supplies memories that stimulate energy and sweeten life, and cannot be shaken but may remain.

As I have said, one of the first sermons which I preached to you, May 1893, was from the text Luke 12:32—"Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." The picture of that first congregation in old Victoria Hall rises up before me very distinctly to-day—a handful of people—less than 50 church members—in a large, dismal auditorium, representing little wealth in the community, with little sympathy from neighboring Presbyterian brethren, with no church home in which to hold Christian fellowship, no eloquent preaching, and no sensational devices to attract crowds. It was a dark outlook for those who trusted in the power of numbers, or money, or genius to secure success—and not a few outsiders predicted that the little flock would never get the kingdom. But

that little flock was animated by the faith that removes mountains, by the spirit of liberality and self-sacrifice, which lays all we have and all we are on God's altar, and by the willingness to serve, which made each one a worker together, not only with one another, but with God. And by faith and self-sacrifice and work we grew in numbers—a united band, and in grace—a consecrated church. We secured the site on which this building stands. We collected money and subscriptions for the erection of this edifice, and began holding services in the basement on the 31st December, 1893, before the plaster was thoroughly dry; and continued organizing and working until we opened out in this auditorium on the first Sabbath of August, 1894, the services conducted by my dear departed friends, Rev. D. J. McDonnell of Toronto, and Rev. Alex. Grant of the First Baptist Church of Winnipeg. Our finances were arranged, our music was provided for, our various organizations were kept working, and the congregation grew slowly but steadily up to the time when my retirement from the active duties of the pastorate became a necessity in 1904, which was to me the sorest trial of my life, and sometimes, like sulky, petulant Jonah beneath his gourd, I felt that it would be better for me to die than become a useless castaway in God's church. But comfort and delight came to all our hearts through the successful ministry of my eloquent and accomplished Brother—Principal McKinnon, who was inducted May 1905; and in the continued success of our present pastor, Mr. Christie, who was inducted November 13th, 1909, and who

by his scholarly, spiritual services, by his power of adaptation to new circumstances, and by his attractive personality, is not only a worthy successor to the Principal, but is a minister worthy and well qualified to be pastor of the congregation as it is translated to the magnificent new building in which you will begin to worship next Sabbath, and I think the little flock has received the kingdom in a higher and larger sense than we expected when we chose our prophetic text. You may shake us out of this building, but the memories of our success under God cannot be shaken and will remain in our lives an encouraging memory, and we may forever sing—

The Lord of us hath mindful been,
And He will bless us s'ill,
He will the house of Israel bless—
Bless Aaron's house He will.

But it is especially true of the friendships which we have formed in our connection with Westminster congregation that they will remain—friendships formed in the busy workshops as well as on the play-grounds of life, amid pioneer hardships as well as modern luxuries, amid creaking Red River carts as well as in honking automobiles; friendships that walked on muddy trails as well as on paved streets, that did their visiting in shanty homes as well as in palatial residences, and sang together under the dark cloud of adversity and suffering as well as in the bright sunshine of prosperity and pleasure—

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above—

friendships that were consecrated on the altar of spiritual worship, cemented and welded in the efforts of united work, and cultivated and strengthened by our social intercourse.

I remember when a dear friend criticized us severely, for singing "Auld Lang Syne" at one of our social gatherings in the basement of this building, my reply was substantially this—Why do you materialize and sensualize that song, which is one of the best expressions of friendly recollections ever written? Why should a cup of kindness mean a glass of whisky? Why should taking a right guid willy-waught mean getting intoxicated? Why should the cup be considered a bacchanalian song instead of a Psalm tune? It is in the mind of those who sing that the song is thus materialized and sensualized. For us in Westminster a cup of kindness is a friendly act, a kind deed, better represented by a cup of water than a glass of whisky. Taking a right guid willy-waught is being filled with the true friendly spirit of brotherly love, not with intoxicating liquor. We in Westminster idealize the figurative language. We in Westminster spiritualize the poetic allusion, and we make "Auld Lang Syne" a sacred psalm of friendship rather than a sensual song of Bacchus, and as we face each other here in this house of worship, where we have enjoyed many a festive gathering, where we have taken the cup of brotherly communion, and drunk deep at the fountain of God's love, together we say—Should auld acquaintance be forgot? No, never.

And on the crest of the wave of progress which carries us forward, and amid the shaking

that we are getting in our translation, we can say of our friendship—

The bridegroom may forget the bride
He made his wedded wife yestreen.
The monarch may forget the crown
Which on his head an hour has been,
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee,
But I'll remember thee, dear friend,
And a' that thou hast been to me.

The building goes, but the memory of our friendship remains a memory that sweetens life.

But the most powerful forces that work *on* us and *in* us and *for* us are not conscious memories, but unconscious influences. We are not conscious of the vitalizing process going on through the air we breathe, or of the assimilating operation in the food we eat, or of the growing of nerve or muscle from the exercise we take, or the work we do.

Now, a similar influence has affected us in our connection with Westminster Church. Here we have breathed the atmosphere of a genial sociability, which gives a sweetening effect to Christian fellowship. I know that in the early history of our congregation we were rather a happy family than a social organization. We delighted not only in recognizing the Westminster connection and welcoming strangers to our fellowship, but in being mutually helpful to each other. We were clannish in our Christian intercourse. We organized on the principle of being not a mutual admiration society, but a mutual aid congregation. We came into the Church to be

helpful to each other. And we solidified into a type of character which was pervaded by what we may call Westminster sentiment. It is indicated in the unique architectural form of this building, nothing like it in the city, nothing like it in any church building I have ever seen. On the outside low but solid, a cottage home in form, rather than an ecclesiastical edifice; on the inside a cosy arrangement by which we, choir, minister and people, get close together in a family circle, rather than sit down as solemn worshippers far apart in separate seats—the abundant light which makes for cheerfulness, not gloom—the low ceiling which, not always attractive, nevertheless suggests a heaven near at hand and not afar off. This very material building in its unique form is a suggestive indication of the Westminster type of character cradled and moulded within its walls—not showy, but reliable—not distant, but near in our brotherly intercourse—not gloomy, but cheerful in our work—not lofty, but lowly in our heavenly fellowship.

Some of you may remember, as I do, that in our early association with one another the people of Canada had not awakened to a sense of national consciousness to the same extent as they have to-day. At that time though politically, since Confederation, one Dominion, yet in sentiment we were separate Provinces. Our Provincial joints were very loosely knit together. Canadian patriotism was sneered at by many leaders of men. Canadian unity was far from being fully recognized by the people. Canadian citizenship was an almost unappreciable factor in our national sentiment. The

great hulk of the people in the Maritime Provinces were anti-confederate in their feelings. The people of Quebec were largely French and prejudiced against British institutions. Ontario was fighting Quebec and belittling the North-West. Rebels were living all over the North-West and threatening to take arms against federal authority unless their demands were granted and their claims adjusted. British Columbia was hidden away behind the Rocky Mountains, and talked far more loudly of British connection than of Canadian confederation. But we in Westminster never lost faith in the possibilities of our great country, and in the powerful forces that were at work in the North-West to produce the unification of the Canadian people. We saw the working of that unifying power in the throbbing political life which centred in Ottawa, rather than at the various Provincial capitals, in the hives of industry springing into activity all along the highway of the world's commerce, by inland railways rather than by sea coast shipping, in the tide of British sentiment which was slowly rising and flowing across the continent rather than whirling about in little harbors on the two ocean coasts far apart, and especially in the work of a united Presbyterian Church which carried on its missions in sympathetic co-operation in the great field that extended from ocean to ocean, rather than in detached Provincial ecclesiastical gardens. With firm faith in Canada's future we went forward carrying out the policy of a united Canadian Church. We prayed often for the Governors of Canada, for its legislators and executors of

law. We preached Canadian Patriotism, especially on Thanksgiving Day, and we sang our Canadian patriotic hymns, the best of which, "From Ocean unto Ocean," was written by one of my old elders and lifelong friend, and sung for the first time, and long before it found a place in our hymn book, in old Chalmers Church, Halifax; and many a time has its fine patriotic Christian sentiment rolled on waves of hearty music across Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific. All this and more helped to create a Canadian sentiment that laid hold on many people of many countries and beliefs who have worshipped with us in this place—Scotch and Irish, English and German, Dutch and Icelander, Nova Scotian and New Brunswicker. Men and women from Quebec, from Ontario, from Manitoba, from the Great Republic and other places have here breathed our Canadian sentiment, absorbed our Canadian truths, and become loyal Canadian citizens.

Westminster has been and is a radiating centre of healthy, not frenzied, Canadian sentiment and Canadian life.

This building may go into the dust of commercialism, but the impression of this sentiment will remain in the living hearts of Westminster people, an impression that helped to mould Canadian loyalty. They will represent a true type of Canadian loyalty.

We should recognise the fact that our connection with Westminster has been a powerful influence in moulding our personal character. The influence of that connection remains not only in what we remember but in what we are. That influence may have worked slowly,

silently, unconsciously, but the result remains. We have been affected more or less by the religious atmosphere that we have breathed in this congregation, by the mental and moral food that we have absorbed and assimilated into our being, by the Christian activities in which we have engaged. There may be no conscious recollection of the moulding, growing process which has been going on, but the effect is a *fact*.

There may be no special mark of the successive crop of leaves which the tree has cast off during the winters and summers of the last twenty years, but the result is visible in growth. You may have forgotten entirely the food you have eaten years ago, but the effect remains with you in your physical condition. You may be living miles away from the work to which you once devoted your energies when you made pathways through Manitoba snowdrifts or Winnipeg mud, when you rode across the trails in buck boards or Red River carts, when you camped contentedly in a tent or lived happily in a shanty, but the influence of that work affects all the mainsprings of your life, and has been the moulding power in making you the men and women which you are to-day.

And so if you have grown in the Westminster garden you will carry the odor of its perfumes with you wherever you go, whether you know it or not.

If you have eaten the Westminster diet, the nourishing elements of that food have been incorporated into the mental, moral and spiritual fibre of your being, whether you are conscious of it or not.

If you have worked in the Westminster workshop you have acquired habits of doing things that will leave marks on all your Christian work, whether you realize it or not.

Your personal character carries with it the colouring and moulding effect of Westminster Church, whether men see it or not.

And I wish you to note that you have engaged in Church work which has not only benefited yourselves, but has radiated in its beneficent influence all over this North-West country. The work of giving, of educating on literary and social lines, of carrying on missionary and philanthropic enterprises, has not only affected yourselves for good, but has benefited many others. Take two facts which I have ascertained by looking over your annual reports for 18 years. Your contributions in money for religious purposes have during that period amounted to more than \$237,000, and including what you pay this year, it will far exceed that sum.

You have taken into church fellowship 2146 members. You have sent out over the country 1082 of that number carrying with them the memories and influences of their connection with Westminster Church. And in my judgment that is one of the best kinds of church work that can be done in the city of Winnipeg. We are here not simply to distribute goods, but to distribute Christians all over our country, and who can estimate the influence that thus has gone out and will go out from us as a moulding force on the formative life of this new nation? It is a fountain of influence at which we ourselves may drink, and which will

send streams of benefit and blessing to millions of people.

We may leave much behind us when we leave this building, but the effect of the social atmosphere we have breathed, of the patriotic truth we have absorbed, of the Christian work we have done, will remain.

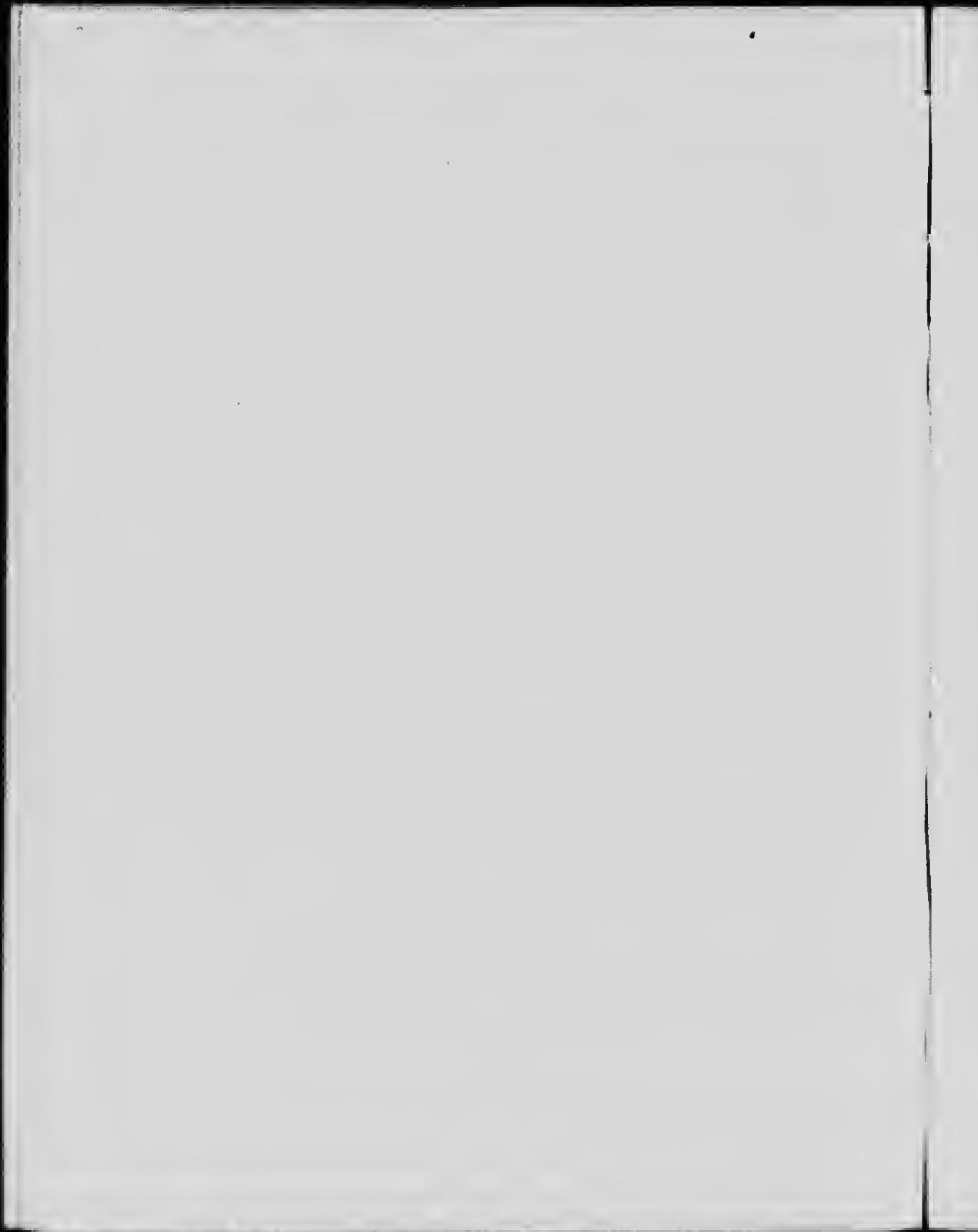
And last, but not least, our connection with Westminster Church has begotten an inspiration to seek the highest and best things that can be reached by human beings. The keynote of all our preaching here has been "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever." The object of all our Sabbath gatherings in this place has been to worship God in spirit and in truth. The special aim that we have had in all our Christian activities has been to co-operate with God's spirit in his work of saving and sanctifying sinners. Westminster has been a generating centre of spiritual power to many. It has propagated and developed spiritual life in not a few souls. God's spirit has worked here with a life-giving, uplifting, spiritualizing power. On the mount of ordinance we have had transfiguration experiences when our souls were illumined by the light of God's truth, when our hearts were tuned to the harmonies of heavenly music, and when our spirits recognized the presence of the Father of spirits, and we could say "Abba Father" in spirit and in truth. There has been a touching and moving and guiding of the springs of our inner being, not by the letter of mere words, or the force of clear logic, or the attraction of artistic ritualism, but by the power of God's

living spirit. For many of us there has been a far deeper yearning of the soul than could ever be expressed in mere words, a sweeter music of the heart than would ever be produced by the harmonies of mere sound, there has been a clearer vision of God's truth than any literal interpretation of the word could give, and we have learned that the outward forms of Christian work and Christian worship may be shaken up and be left, but the inspiration to spiritual living in a higher life may, nay, *will* remain. Material forms wax old and vanish away; spiritual realities are always new and abide forever. Renewed hearts never grow old, saved souls never die, redeemed spirits never perish, and for us to go forward, is to rise higher; to make a change, is to do better; to pass the crisis, is to reach the goal.

And so we pass out from this building, taking with us the memories of difficulties overcome and friendships formed; the characters we have developed through the truth we have absorbed and the work we have done; and taking especially with us the spiritual aspirations that have been begotten by the truths we have learned and the ordinances we have enjoyed. And we sing whilst being translated, as we have often sung before in our worship within these walls—

O may Thy spirit seal our souls,
And mould them to Thy will,
That our weak hearts no more may stray,
But keep Thy precepts still.

That to perfection's sacred height,
We nearer still may rise,
And all we think and all we do,
Be pleasing in Thine eyes.



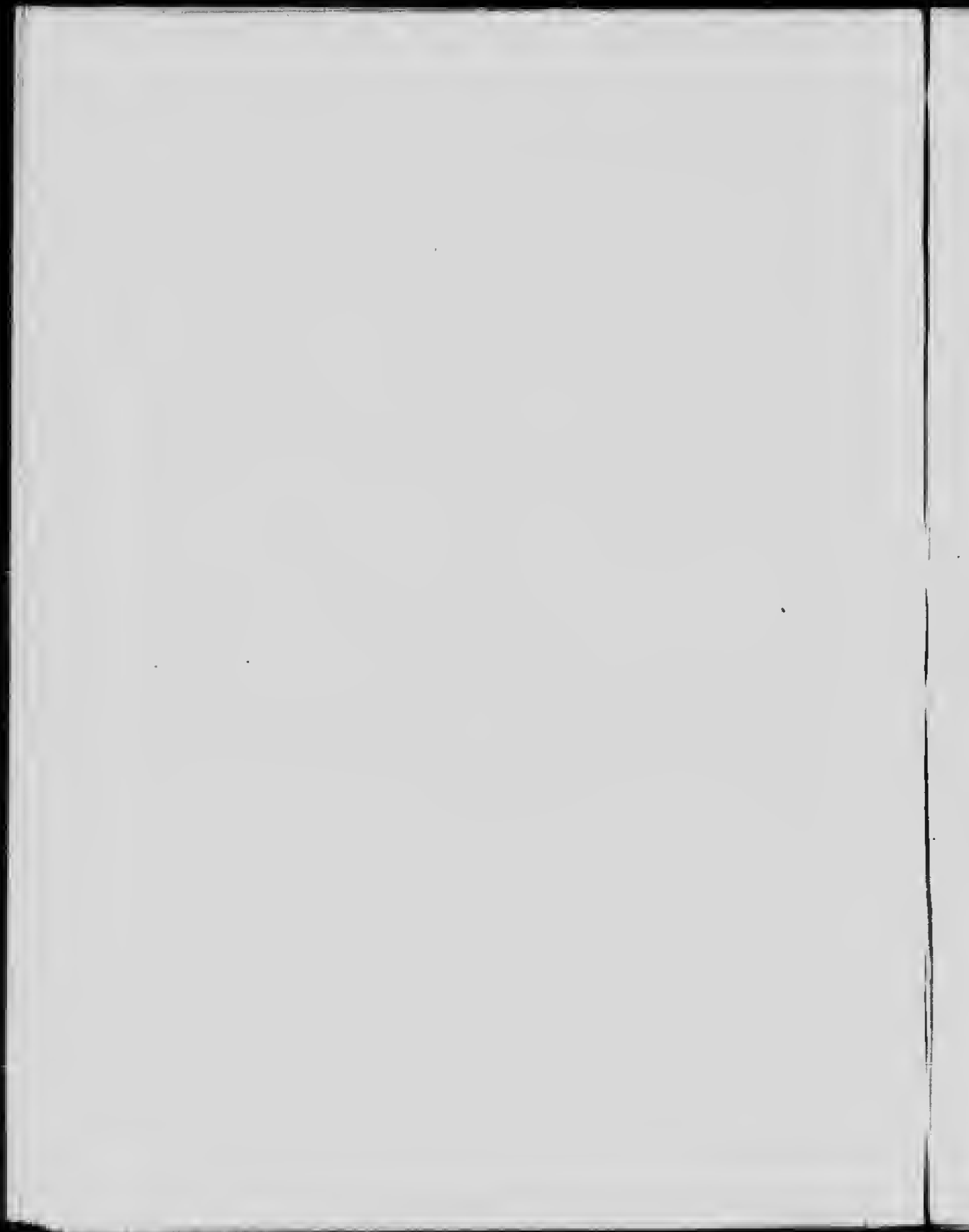
**LAST SERMON IN WESTMINSTER
(OLD) CHURCH**

BY

REV. C. B. PITBLADO, D.D.



JUNE 9, 1912



II Cor. 6: 16—"Ye are the temple of the living God."

The real temple is not any material building, but the hearts of living men and women—not *dead* things, but *living* souls—not this grand edifice, but "*Ye are the temple of the living God.*" This building in all its material grandeur, in all its artistic attractions, in all its luxurious appointments, is only the sign and symbol of great spiritual realities with which we have to do as immortal creatures. This building will, in its real purpose, be not what material art has accomplished, but what living souls will make it.

You have your new organ, but its power to produce music will depend upon the living performer, rather than on the intricately constructed instrument; and the longer it is skilfully played, the sweeter will be its tone. You have the new auditorium, but its success will depend upon the effects produced on living souls, rather than on its architectural beauty; and the older it grows, the more hallowed will be its associations. You have your new workshops, with all facilities for doing the best kind of Christian work, but whether it will be better workmanship and larger production will depend on the skill and industry of the living workmen, and never was there a clearer case of increased privileges bringing increased responsibility. You have the new workers in multiplied numbers and increased enthusiasm to occupy

the new field that is ready for your cultivation, but everything will depend on the faithfulness with which they embrace their opportunity, and we remember that we serve a Master who rewards, not the successful, but the faithful, servant.

We know that the great realities of human life have far more to do with invisible, than with visible, things. Real life for us is in our thoughts, our feelings, our aspirations, not bodily appearances. All the processes of life are hidden from the bodily eye, and often exposure of the operation means death to the possessor.

In the experience of our fellowship with one another, the important matter is not that I can touch your body, but that I can reach your mind—not that I can appeal to the senses, but that I can speak to the soul—not that I can affect nerves, but move consciences—not that I can lay hold on the material form, but that I can touch the springs of the inner life. In our communications with one another we are dealing with living souls, not with material things. It is thus that mind reaches mind, soul attracts soul, heart opens out to heart, and congenial spirits commune with each other. Our real life is not in outward manifestations, but in inward experiences. Our real selves are not body, but mind, not sense, but soul, not material existence, but spiritual life. And we, as spiritual beings, ought to make this house a nursery of spiritual life.

We are here to recognize and emphasize the fact that we are spiritual, not material, beings. We are living souls, not organized dust. We

are immortal creatures, not electrified atoms. We are sons of God, not children of earth, endowed with that life which enables us to live as God lives, to think as God thinks, to love as God loves, and to will as God wills. *This* is true life, to realize that God is living in us, and we are living in God. He has breathed into our nostrils the breath of life, and we have become living souls. We meet here to cherish and develop this spiritual life.

This house stands, not particularly to represent industry either in the field or the workshop, not to represent business either in the store or the warehouse, not to represent education, either in the school or the college, not to represent organized society, either in the courts of justice or the halls of legislation, not to represent reformatory work, either among the homes of the poor or the haunts of the criminal, though it will sensibly and beneficially affect all these working activities by its guiding, purifying, elevating power; but it stands here to bear emphatic witness to the reality of spiritual life in the souls of men. Here souls may have spiritual experiences. Here men and women may be awakened into the consciousness of spiritual living. Here they can get glimpses of divine truth, they can get inspirations that bring them into communion with the Father of their spirits, they can get aspirations that draw them upward from the materializing and enslaving life of earth, to the spiritualizing and elevating life of Heaven. This house, if it answers the purpose for which it was erected, will be a birthplace of souls, a wellspring of salvation for sinners, a banquetting hall of joy

for saints. Of this Zion it shall be said, "this and that man was born in her," and the Lord shall count when he writeth up the people that this man was born there.' Here the living soul had conscious communion with his God. Here the penitent sinner found a forgiving Saviour. Here the wandering prodigal found a loving Father. Here the slave of Satan was transformed into a servant of the most high God."

It is as living souls that we become the temple of the living God.

We ought to make this house a temple of spiritual worship. It is not a school of art, however much artistic achievement may be appreciated in its architectural effects, in its fascinating music, in its eloquent preaching, or in its fervent praying. Beyond all the efforts of art, there must be the working of spiritual life. God's presence must be felt, the soul must be touched, the heart must be opened, the desires purified and spiritualized, if this house is to become, what it ought to be, a temple of spiritual worship, where we worship God the Spirit in spirit and in truth. The true worship we render here, is not in the form, however appropriate that may be; it is not in the rite, however significant that may be; it is not in the ceremony, however attractive that may be; but it is in the experiences and impressions of the soul, that touch and vibrate the chords of our inner being. Our real praise is not sweet sound, but music in the soul. Prayer is not solemn words, but heart yearnings that language cannot express. Preaching is not eloquent sermons, but spiritualized truth, uttered in demonstration of the spirit and of power. The sweetest music

in God's universe is the song of the saved sinner. The most earnest prayer that can be uttered is the yearning of a living soul for a higher life. The grandest truth that can be revealed to man is the Gospel of salvation through Christ the Saviour. It is these experiences that will make this house a true temple of spiritual worship. Here may be heard the song of the saved sinner in adoring gratitude for undeserved mercy. Here may be felt the yearning of the renewed spirit for higher experiences in living. Here may be heard the glorious message of God's redeeming love, as we worship God in spirit and in truth. It is as spiritual worshippers we become the temple of the living God.

We must aim to make this house a workshop of spiritual activity. The building, with all its facilities for various kinds of Christian work, is not to be merely a centre of social life, though it will be that; nor of philanthropic service, though it must be that; nor of industrial influence, though its power in that direction will be felt; nor of mere moral efforts, though all its influence will be on the side of morality; nor of patriotic sentiment, though all its activities will work in the atmosphere of true patriotism or good citizenship; but it is to be a centre and fountain of spiritual life and power in the city, a power that aims at renewing and purifying the hearts of men, at awakening and guiding their consciences, at moulding their characters, so as to make them represent true godliness, rather than successful worldliness in the community. We are here to co-operate with God's spirit in doing our work. We realize fully what is meant when God says to

us, "Not by might nor by power but by my spirit, saith the Lord." God's spirit working in us and through us, silently but surely in all our undertakings—this is the ideal truth we must keep before us. Our club rooms and class rooms must be filled with a spiritual atmosphere—our social gatherings, pervaded by an undertone of spiritual fellowship and joy—our sports under the direction of a spiritual leader, who always guides in the way of what is right and honorable—in all our activities recognizing the fact that men are not merely organized matter, but spiritual beings; not merely developed animals, but sons of God; not merely living souls, but redeemed sinners. Our chief work here is to co-operate with God in saving sinners and edifying saints. We become the temple of the living God when we co-operate with Him in His great work of redemption.

As living souls we should not live as mere animals, but as men.

As worshippers we should not enthrone any idol but the living God.

As workers we should not be slaves of mammon, but servants of the most high God.

The garment changes; the person remains—a living soul: the house changes; the tenant remains—a living soul: the workshop changes; the workman remains—a living soul: and the main thing is, not the dress, but the person; not the house, but the tenant; not the workshop, but the workman. It is not that we are physical beings, but living souls.

It is a magnificent building in which we meet—this building with its cathedral towers, its grey stone walls, its basilicon roof, its spacious

auditorium, its fine organ, its club rooms, and class rooms, its lecture room, and Sabbath School room, its fully furnished kitchen, and gymnasium, heating and ventilating arrangements all complete. No doubt it represents careful planning, liberal giving, skilful workmanship, and industrial achievements of various kinds; but that which gives special significance to the building is not the material structure, but the people that assemble within its walls. Ye, not the building, are the temple of the living God.

That which gives significance to our gathering here is that we are spiritual beings, spiritual worshippers, spiritual workers, engaged in doing things in the realm of spiritual realities.



